THE CHARACTER.

THe *Lords* and *Commons* having had their doom,
The banish'd *Romans* since supply their room,
And in full *Herds* they publiquely appear,
Bearding both *Protestant* and *Presbyter*;
Yet do not so resent the foul Affront
To take up *Armes* and make Rebellion on't.
Nor do not sleep but by the *Drum* and *Fife*
To keep thy Throat from bloody *Jesuit's* Knife;
Though Murther be in us a bloody Fact,
In holy *Priest* it is an holy Act,
If *Priest* and *Knife* be consecrated, then,
By *Blood* and *Massacre* they Heaven win,
When we poor Souls are damn'd for the same Sin.
Who would not be a sacred *Priest* to *Rome*,
When they can save or give Eternal doom?
Make *Virtue* damn'd, and meritorious *Vice*,
They snatch from *Hell* and lend to *Paradise*.
And more to compleat their further Glory,
They call and take a touch in *Purgatorie*.
Since that the Bug-Bear *Parliament* was fled,
Bold was the man durst say, That *Godfrey's* dead,
Or in *Rome's* Slaughter-house his Blood was shed,
Or Priests contriv'd to have him murthered.
Or who dares say, The *Temple* was on fire
By the contrivance of some Priest or Fryar?

To

*EB65. A100. 680c2

To burn *Commissions* hid in *Langhorn's* Room,
To blind the *Plot*, and clear the *Lords* of *Rome*?
O! People all so weak as not to see
Your selves betray'd by your own Foolerie!
Contending with your *King*, his Laws and Power,
Intrenching on his *Prerogative* each hour;
Flying i'th Face of his Supremacy,
With sawcy *Libelling* and *Ribauldry*.
The seed o'th Serpent is abroad again,
To teach young Colt his black Rebellion,
Form'd and begot i'th old damn'd *Stallion*:
Whose pregnant Issue's quick and nimble sence,
Exactly copies their *Syre's* Impudence;
Treading his *Steps* with a full strong source,
Flyes in the Face of *Majesty* in course:
The *young* out-throwes the *old* at least a Barr;
For they but only 'gainst the *King* made War:
But these young *Start-ups* in bold and thundring words,
Dare both the *King*, his *Bishops* and his *Lords*;
And would subvert at once, and at one hour
The *Royal-Office* and the *Supreme Power*;
Make King and Peers but Cyphers in the State,
And they the powerful Figures of Debate.
Traytor and *Presbyter* do seem two things;
But equal is the venom of their stings.
Against *Prerogative* they plead Priviledge,
That Fatal By-blow with a double edge.
The Infatuated *Jewes*, their sence being gon,
Made War among themselves, and still fought on,
Till they were conquered by *Vespasian*.
So You fall out, like senceless stones and stocks,
Flying at each other even like Dogs and Cocks:
To satisfie *YOUR* Pride, *WEE* split on Rocks.
In short, Fanatique's Character is this,
THEY'RE Cursed Obstacles o'th Nations Bliss.

FINIS.